

UC-NRLF



C 2 649 658

LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

*Class*

930  
W13

1568  
1910

CASE

B







# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

**The Longer thou Livest the more  
Fool thou art**

*By W. WAGER*  
*"*

[c. 1568]



*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
**THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS**

MCMX



PR3178  
W21  
L6  
1910  
MAIN

## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Longer thou Livest the more  
Fool thou art

By W. WAGER

Date of earliest known Edition . . . . . c. 1568

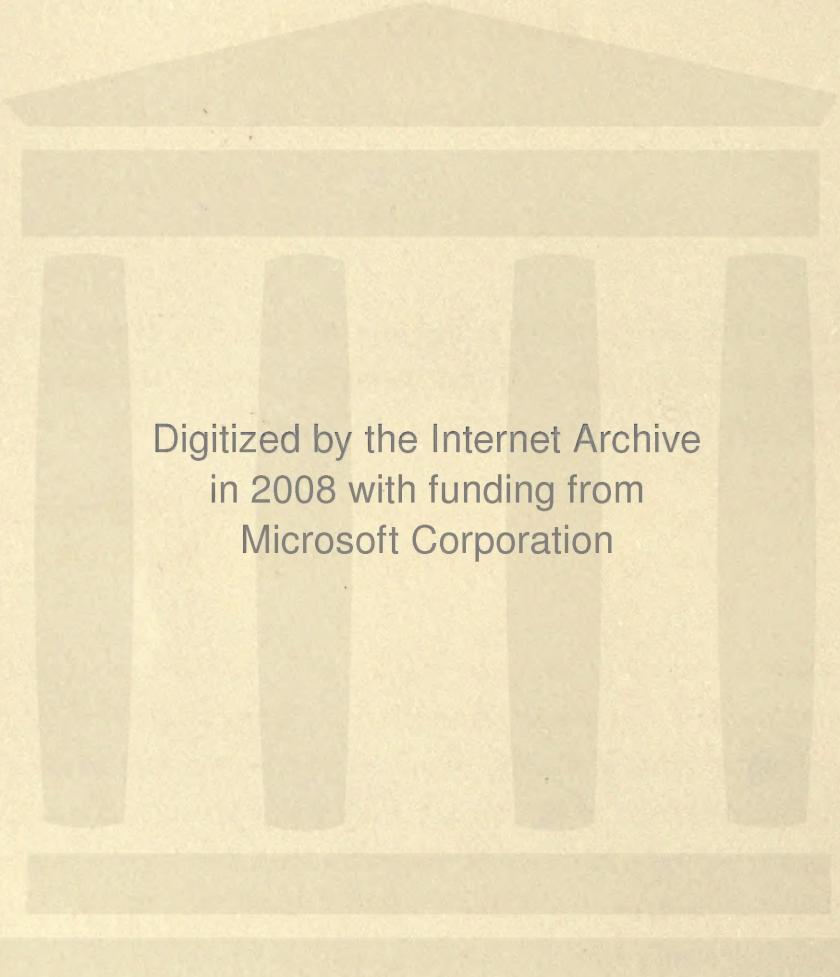
[B.M., C. 34, e. 37]

Reproduced in Facsimile . . . . . 1910









Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



# The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou art

By W. WAGER

[c. 1568]

*The original of this facsimile is supposed to have been printed c. 1568. The Stationers' Register has the following among the entries from July 22, 1568, to July 22, 1569 (Arber's Transcript, i. 386):—*

*"Receyvd of Rycharde Jonnes for his lycense for pryntinge of a  
ballet the lenger thou leveste the more ffoole thou  
iiij d."*

*There is record of two other plays by W. Wager (who must not be confounded with Lewis Wager, the author of "Mary Magdalene"). One, "'Tis Good Sleeping in a whole Skin," is said to have been destroyed by Warburton's servant; of the other, "The Cruel Debtor," till recent years the only known leaf was C. iii. in Bagford's collection of title-pages and scraps among the Harleian MSS. Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, however, came across a double leaf, D. and D. 4, among Mr. W. B. Scott's black-letter fragments. These three leaves will be included in the first volume of facsimiles of Dramatic Fragments already announced in this series.*

*[In this connection the Editor will be pleased to receive information of, and suggestions concerning other fragments of a similar kind that it would be desirable or useful to include in the three volumes of fragments at present contemplated.]*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the MS. Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original (C. 34, e. 37), says "it is admirably done."*

JOHN S. FARMER.

# A very myry and

Pythie Commedie, called The longer  
thou stulst, the more foole shou art.

A Myrrour very necessarie for youth, and  
specially for such as are like to come to dig-  
nitie and promotion: As it maye  
well appear in the Master  
folowyng.

Newly compiled by  
VV. VV:ager.



IMPRINTED AT

London, by Wyllyam How  
for Richardde Johnnes: and  
are to be solde at his shop  
under the Lotterie  
housd,

# The Players names.

Prologue.	Fortune.
Moros.	Ignorance.
Discipline.	Cruelie.
Pietie.	Impietie.
Exercitacion.	People.
Idlenesse.	Gods judgement.
Incontinencie.	Confusion.
Wrath.	

Four may playe it easly.

{ The Prologue. Exercitacion. VVrath. } for one.  
2 Cruelie. Goddes Judgement. } for another.  
{ Moros. } for another.  
{ Fortune. } for another.  
{ Discipline. Incontinencie. } for another.  
{ Impietie. Confusion. } for another.  
{ Pietie. Idlenes. } for another.  
{ Ignorance. People. } for another.







# The Prologue.



Ristophones ag Valerius doth tell,  
Introduceth Pericles in a Commedie,  
That he being reduced, againe out of Hell,  
Unto Thathenienses did thus prophesie.  
  
Bringe vp no Lyons in your Cities wantonly,  
For as you bring them vp in actes pernicious,  
So in the same you must be to them obsequious.  
By this saith Valerius he doth admonish,  
That rich men sonnes be from euell manners restrained  
Least that with profuse sondnes we do them noisid,  
Vertue of them euer after be disdained :  
So that when authoritie, they haue obtained,  
They them selues being giuen to inconuenience,  
Oppresse their subiects vnder their obedience,  
Oh hol' noble a thing is good education,  
For all estates profitable : but for them chiesely  
Whiche by birth are like to haue gubernation,  
In publike weales, that they may rule euer iustly :  
For while the Romanes did forsee this matter wisely,  
They had a wise Senate which preuailed alway,  
And that being neglected, they fell soone to decay.  
To be a good man it is also expedient,  
Of good Parents to be begotten and borne,  
In dede to all men it is most evident,  
That a pleasaunt Rose springeth of a sharpe Thorne,  
But commonly of good Seed procedeth good Corne,  
Good Parents in good manners do instruc their childe,  
Correcting him when he beginneth to grow wilde :  
The bringing vp of a childe from his tender age,  
In vertue, is a great helpe to be an hone st man,  
But when youth is suffered to haue his owne rage,  
It falleth to much calamity now and than:  
I would wish Parents and Masters to do what they can  
Both to teach and correct their youth with reason,  
That it may profit the publike weale an other season.

The Prologue.

To helpe herefo good Schoole Masters are necessarie,  
Sage, sober, expert, learned, gentle and pruident,  
Under such Masters youth can never miscarie,  
For either they restraine euils with goode aduise ment,  
Or to occupy the minde good lessons do invent:  
To youth nothing in the world is so perniciois;  
As to be conuersant, with masters lacunous,  
Bringing vp is a great thing, so is dilligence,  
But nothing, God except, is so strong of Nature,  
For neither councell, learninge nor sapience,  
Can an euill nature to honest manners allure:  
Do we not see at these daies so many past cure,  
That nothing can their crookednes refreie,  
Till they haue destroied them vtterly?  
The Image of such persons we shall introduce,  
Represented by one whom Moros we do call,  
By him we shall declare the unthriftie abuse,  
Of such as had leuer to Folly and Idlenes fall,  
Then to herken to Sapience when he doth call:  
There processe, how their whole life they do spende,  
And what shame they com to at the last ende:  
Wherfore this our matter we entitle and name,  
The longer thou liuest the more Foole thou arte.  
Are there not many which do veresthe same?  
Yes I warrant you, and naturally play that parte,  
Pea, euen from the Judgment seat unto the Carte;  
But truly we meane no person perteinantly,  
But only to specifie of such generally:  
Holsom lessoures now and than we shall enterlace,  
Good for the ignorant, not hurtfull to the wise,  
Honest mirth shall com in, and appeare in place,  
Not to thaduaancement, but to the shame of vice,  
To entoll Vertue without saile is our deuise,  
A season we shall desier you of pacience,  
And to make you mery we will do our dilligence.

FINIS.





**T**here entreth Morc, counterfaiting  
a baine gesture and a foolish countenance,  
Synging the soote of many songes, as foloweth.

Morc. **B**rome, Brome on hill,  
The gentle Brome on hill hill:  
Brome, Brome on Hine hill,  
The gentle Brome on Hine hill,  
The Brome standes on Hine hill a.  
**R**obin lende to me thy Bowe, thy Bowe,  
Robin the bow, Robin lende to me thy bow &  
**T**here was a Mayde come out of Kent,  
Deintie loue, deintie loue,  
There was a mayde cam out of Kent,  
Daungerous be:  
There was a mayde cam ouf of Kent,  
Fayre, propre, small and gent,  
As euer byon the grounde went,  
For so shold it be.  
**H**ey a banke as I lay, I lay,  
Musinge on things past, hey how.  
**T**om a lin and his wife, and his wifes mother  
They went ouer a brdge all thre together,  
The brdge was broken and they fell in,  
The Devil go with all quoth Tom a lin.  
**M**artin swart and his man, sodledum sodledum,  
Martin swart and his man sodledum bell.  
**C**om ouer the Boozne Besse,  
My little pretie Besse,  
Com ouer the Boozne besse to me.  
**T**he white Dove sat on the Castell wall,  
I bend my Bow and shoothe her I shall,  
I put her in my Gloue both fetheris and all.  
I layd my Bridle upon the shelfe,  
If you will any moare sing if your selfe;  
Discipline. **O** Lorde are you not ashamed,  
Thus vainly the time to spende,  
Your friendes by you are desained.

I would

A newv Commedie,called

I would haue you this geare to amende,  
What, to a good age now you grow,  
It is time childishnesse to for sake,  
I would finde somwhat to do I rowe,  
And not like a foole such a noyse to make,  
Goyng vp and downe like a witlesse boy,  
Hinging and bellowing like a dawe,  
If you will not amend this toy,  
We will bring you to an other aye.

Moro. I haue Twentie mo songs yet,  
A sond woman to my mother,  
As I war wont in her lappe to sit,  
She taught me these and many other,  
I can sing a song of Robin Redbreast,  
And my little pretie Nightingale,  
There dwelleth a jolly Foster here by west,  
Also I com to drinke som of your Christmas ale  
Whan I walke by my selfe alone,  
It doth me good my songs to render,  
Such pretie thinges would soone be gon,  
If I shold not sometime them rememb're.

Discipline, Gaudet stultis Natura creandis.  
Nature hath a pleasure Fooles to creat,  
Vt maluis atque vrticis & vilibus herbis.  
As Pallowes, nettles and weedes of that rate,  
Hui sunt obtuso ingenio crasso cerebro.  
These are dull of wit and of a grosse braine,  
Et nihil pendant animi bona depeci ludo.  
And set at nought Vertue genen to pastime vaine,  
These verses I may on you beresie,  
Except you will take an other way,  
I would be glad your manners to rectifie,  
If you wold heare what I will say,  
For shame I say yet againe,  
Forget your babish vanitie,  
Folly and vice you must refraine,  
And give your selfe to humilitie,





The lenger thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros. I am good at scourging of my Toppe,  
You would laugh to se me mosel the pegge,  
Upon my one boote pretely I can hoppe,  
And daunce trimly about an Egge:  
Also, when we play and hunt the for,  
I outrun all the boyes in the schoole :  
My mother gaue me a Boule of Bor,  
Alone I am to hanble such a tools  
I can com softly behinde a Boye,  
And give him a blow and run away :  
My mother teacheth me many a prettie toy,  
You shall know what they be one day,  
When to fight w<sup>t</sup> my father thou doest purpose  
Plucke him vpward by the heare still,  
With thy knockes strike him on the nose,  
Let him not goe till thou haue thy will.

Discipline. Quales q<sup>r</sup>is que sibi natos eduxit habebit.  
As one bringeth vp his Children saith he,  
So shall he haue them, wise or without wit,  
Therefore parents are to blame as here we see  
But to you now I pray you tell,  
We these the best lessons of your Parents:

Moros. Ho soooth I can ring the Hauce Bell,  
And fetch fier when they go to Pattins.

Discipline. Better it were to haue no education,  
Then to be instructed in any part of Idolatry  
For there is no part without abomination,  
But all together full of sectes and heresie,

Moros. Nay I can more the that, harke in your eare  
To call hym knaue I go not behinde the doore  
Be bold w<sup>t</sup> my father and do not feare,  
If thy mother anger thee, call hit whore.

Discipline. Without doubt such lewde persons there are,  
And this is the cause that so many evill men,  
Now replenish the earth with sorrow and care,  
Not one good man is scarsly among ten,  
Let this vngracious and foolish person,

Be

A newv Commedie, called

Bee as an Image of such bringing vp,  
Like to be as vnhappy a patron,  
As euer dranke of any mans cup:  
For the loue that we owe to mankind,  
And chiesly unto Christianitie,  
We will proue to alter his minde,  
And bring him to humanitie.

Pietie. All haile right honorable Discypline,  
Well occupied euer more I do you finde  
Instructing one or other with doarine,  
According to your Naturall kunde:  
Which is both comly manners to teach,  
And also to minister correction:  
If all men unto your precepts would reach,  
Soone should be cleansed all infection.

Discipline. Welcom Pietie, the doore of all vertue,  
In you consisteth gods honour b[ea]rtue and loue  
Without the which no good thing can ensue,  
As by the christian Poet we do prove:  
Hoc sine Virtutis alias nihil est putato,  
Without the worship of God omnipotent,  
Which learned men properly call Pietie  
Other Vertues be they never so excellent,  
Are esteemed but as things of vilitie.

Entre Exercitatio. And as vertu, is no vertue without Pietie  
So without the same, vice can not be eschued  
Pietie is a frew hono[u]r of Gods maestie,  
Wherwith christians should be endued,  
God to worship, to loue, to feare, to praise,  
His holy commaundementes to obey:  
To be occupied in his lawes nightes and dayes  
This propperly is called Pierie I say.

Moros. By my troth if you wil can me good thankes,  
I will bring you to a pretie Birds nest,  
Werely I thinke it be a reu thankes,  
She is white in the taile, and blacke in þ brest.

Discipline. The longer thou liuest the more Fools art

The





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

The more instruction, the lesse Sapience,  
Grace will not enter into a foolish hart,  
Iniquitie stoppeth out intelligence,  
To you Pietie, and Exercitacion,  
Of such folly, I haue admonished him:  
But I can haue none other communication,  
So vainly haue his parents nourished him.

Pietie. Thus the Christian Poet to wright was wont,  
Without industry, all things mortall,  
Nature insincktu, sponte riunt.  
By very nature, unto vice do fall;  
But as we see by experiance,  
A barren Field is made sat and firtle,  
If men will adhibit their dilligence,  
And labour about it a while:  
So thongh this yong fellow, be foolish as yet,  
With lat.our and diligent admonition,  
He may in prosses of time, learne wit,  
And be willing to take erudition.

Exercita. Vertue hath very hard entraunces,  
But ready is the way unto vice:  
And there to fall we all, not by chaunces,  
But willingly if we be not ware and wise.  
Now wheras the Lads education,  
Hath ben rude, foolish, fond, and baine,  
Let vs give him good information,  
And to profit him let vs gladly take paine.  
Discipline, do you still your indener,  
To cause him perfealy to know Pietie,  
That is: God to serue, to feare, to loue, to honour,  
And his Parents to obey with humilitie.  
Then you know: that I Exercitation,  
According as I shall see his aptnes,  
I will exercise him in good occupacion,  
Wherby he shall eschew Idlenes.

Moros. In S. Nicolas shambles ther is inough,  
Or in Eastcheape, or at Saint Katherins,  
There be good Poddings at the signe of the Plough,

A newv Commedie, called

Yow never did eate better Hauserlinges.

Discipline. This folly is not his Innocency,  
Whiche can in this wifie, lewdly ouerwhart,  
But it is a malicious Insolentie,  
Whiche procedeth from a wicked harte.

Picie. Com hither brother, com hither:

Your name to me you must disclose.

Discipline. His folly his master did consider,  
And therfore called him nothing but Moros.

Picie. Moros is a foole by interpretation

But wisdom goeth not all by the name,  
He that is a foole in conuersation,  
As a foole in deede we may him blame,  
I know som that be named happy:  
And som good, blessed, and for tunable,  
Yet truly there be none more unlucky,  
Whiche more wicked and vnyzottable,  
And though Moros, a foole doth signifie,  
Yet you may be wise as I trust you will,  
If you will sarue god as you ought diligently,  
He shall gine you wisdom, if you pray still.

Moros. I may tell you, my Father did like me well  
I am the wisest child that euer he had,  
Osten times I haue herd him say or tell,  
My boy Moros will proue a wise Lad.

Excitation. If you can remember your fathers saying,  
Why can you not remember good lessons as well?  
You may not set your minde vpon playing,  
But apply your selfe to Disciplines counsell.

Discipline. My counsell is that you feare God aboue all:  
Pray unto him to gine you Sapience,  
Cease not vpon his holy name to call:  
Be meeke in sprite, fast and kepe abstinence,  
His Ministers, Preistes and Preachers,  
Such as rule the holy Church Catholique;  
Obey I meane such as be true teachers,  
Companie not with any Heretike.  
An Heretike, him holy Doctors do call,

Which





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Whiche erreth in Gods most sacred Scripture,  
Whiche is blinde and seeth not his owne fall,  
But maliciously doth in error endure,  
The greatest Heresie that ever was,  
Hath the Pope and his adherentes published,  
Bea the Heresie of Arius it doth passe,  
For Christe and his benefites it hath extinguisched,  
Example by the wicked Massie satisfactorie,  
Whiche to Christes death they make equiuolent,  
For they call it a Sacrifice propiciatorie,  
Whiche is an heresie most pestilent.  
Agayne, prauer to Sainctes that be dead,  
Whiche is a great poynte of infidelitie,  
For they forsake Christe which is the head  
Who taught to worship in sprite and heretie.

Exercitation. Can you recite wisely agayne,  
Disciplines counsell and monition.

Mores. Can I : yea I trow I can and that playne,  
If you suffer me without interruption,  
First he said beare an od ende with an all,  
Play now and then in thy masters absence;  
Cease not a knaue by his right name to call,  
Much on the Spitte is past abstinence.

Discipline. Loe you here: what a patron this is,  
Thinke you that he is not past grace.

Exercitation. Yet I say, he that bath wit to do this,  
Pay turne to Tertue also in space.

Pietie. Come hither I pray the tell me but one thing,  
How intendest thou to live an other day.

Mores. How truly make mery, daunce and sing,  
Set cocke a whope, and play care away:

Pietie. Seing that you have none other respect,  
But your life daies in folly to spende,  
Discipline must you now and then correct,  
That unto wisdom you may your selfe bende.

Mores. Correcq; he : why shall I be beaten?  
My father will not suffer that I trow.

Discipline. You begin to be scabbie and worme eaten,

A newv Commedie, called

It is time walt vpon you to strow,  
Hirra, do you see what I haue here,  
The wise man willeth, an Asse to haue a scourge,  
You haue learned folly many a year,  
From the same now I must you purge:  
You that haue the wit to mocke and to scorne,  
What wit you haue to wisdom I will see,  
Upon your sides this scourge shalbe worne,  
Except you will speake rightly after me,  
I will loue and feare God aboue all.

- Moros. I will loue &c.  
Sat after him He might bouchsafe to give me sapience.  
Discipline. He might bouchsafe &c.  
Moros. I shall not cease on his holy name to call.  
Discipline. I shall not cease &c.  
Moros. That he will open mine intelligence,  
Discipline. That he will &c.  
Moros. Well sayd.  
Discipline. Well sayd.  
Say the same verses alone together,  
Like as you sayd them after me.  
Moros. Say the same verses alone together,  
Like as you sayd them after me.  
Picte. His meaning you do not consider,  
Moros. Alone you must say the verses as they be,  
His meaning you do not consider,  
Alone you must say the verses as they be.  
Exercitation. You may say no more as he did say,  
Moros. He did but teach you your wordes wisely to fram  
You may say no more as he did say,  
Discipline. He did but teach you your wordes wisely to fram  
With an ungracious foole we spend the day  
He turneth all to a mocke and a game.  
Moros. With an ungracious foole we spend the day,  
Discipline. He turneth all to a mocke and a game.  
Moros. Exeracion they say giueth intelligence,  
Discipline. An other while I will proue you with my scourge,  
Moros. Exeracion they say giueth intelligence,

An





The longer thou liest the more foole thou art.

Picie. Another while I will proue you with my scourge  
This heady foolishnes and negligence,  
With correction away we must purge.

Moros. This heady foolishnes, and negligence,  
With correction away we must purge.

Exercitation. We will holde him while you do him beate,  
Lay on Discypline, and do not spare.

Moros. I trowe I shall make you all thre to sweate,  
Com one for one, and for you all I doe not care.  
Body of god, alas my arse, out, out no more,  
Crie you mercie; a vengeance take you,  
For Gods sake leane mine arse is soze  
I will say as you will haue me say now.

Discipline. Say thus.

Moros. Say thus:

Discipline. I will loue and feare God abone all,  
He might vouchsafe to give me Sapience;  
I will not cease on his holy name to call,  
That he may open mine intelligence.

Picie. Good sonne say these wordes and thinke þ same  
And we will teache you other good lessons mor;

Moros. You haue put me out God giue you shame,  
I wot not which way the Devil they goe.

Discipline. Repete them againe I will loue &c.

Moros. I will loue porridge when they be sod, Beef & al  
For Morton good Sauce is Halte and Onnions,  
Up unto the hie dishe when my Dame they call,  
While she openeth the Pie, I picke the Pinions.

Picie. Let vs loose no more labour about this foole  
For the more he is taught the worse he is.

Discipline. Holde him, and I will teache him a new schoole,  
He can speake the right that can speake this,

Moros. O beate me no more, I pray you hartly,  
To make you to laugh I turned them this way,  
Sopynesse I haue to talk and sing merely,  
But I thinke no harme then by this day.

Exercitation. In you let vs some towardnes see,  
For to make you a man we do intend,

A new Commedie, called : II

- To laugh, to be mery, to singe, times there be,  
But in such thinges now we haue no time to spende,
- Pietie. Let vs heare howe Discipline you do vnderstand,  
The sentence that he hath taught you do you say.
- Moros. That is h'ell way I thinke to escape your hand
- But I trust to be euen with you one day:  
I will loue and feare god aboue all,  
He might boushake to give me hapience,  
I will not cease on his holy name to call,  
That he may open mine intolligence.
- Discipline. This is well if it be spoken with the hart,  
Fears sometime causeth dissimulation.
- Moros. I can not speake it I suppose without a harte,  
After feare cometh alway consolation,
- Pietie. I perceiue that you haue wit competenterlie,  
If you would applie it vnto vertue,  
We will instruct you suffiently,  
If our Doctrine you will humbly ensue
- Exercitation. By vs you shall haue this commoditie,  
In this life you shall be in reputacion,  
After this life you shall haue felicitie:  
That is Joy in the heauenly habitacion.
- Discipline. By sonne this order with you we will take,  
First I will comit you vnto Pietie,  
Who the true seruaunt of God shall you make,  
And teach you to honour his Maiestie,
- Here let Moros betwene every sentence say  
Gay geare, good stuse, very well, finado,  
with such mockish termes.
- To loue him, to pray to him, day and night,  
To knowe his sonne Jesus Christ,  
Equale with the Father in substance and myght,  
The holy Ghost the authour of loue and concorde,  
In him you shall leare the Gods worde to heare,  
Your dutie to the Ministers of the same,  
Who the mysteries of God in their harts do beare  
To esteeme the sacraments eche one by name,  
Pietie will teache you your dutie to kinges,

To





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Torturers and Maiestrates, in their degree,  
Unto whom you must be obedient in all thinges  
Concerning the Statutes and lawes of the Countries.  
It is Pietie your Parents to obey,  
Yea your Prince and Countrey to defend,  
The poore to comfort euer as you may,  
For the truthe sake your bloud to spend.

Mores. Nay hoo there by God all things saue bloud,  
He that breaketh my head I will breafe his againe.

Pietie. Your vnderstanding in that is not good,  
Such appetites you must alway refraine.

Exercitation. After that you are endued with Pietie,  
In me you shall haue Exercitacion,  
To your owne and other mens utiltie,  
I meane a science or occupacion,  
Whiche to learne do your dilligence,  
And being learned, do the same occupie,  
And occupied by experiance,  
Scheke to exercise them basely.

Discipline. Now say you will you dwell with Pietie,  
And learne his instructions with a good will,

Mores. I thanke you for your good minde towarde me,  
I will never go from you but dwell with you still.

Pietie. First hente you a testament heare I give,  
Wherein you shall learne what the will of God is  
To pray bypon and to learne your Christen beleue,  
And to amend your manners that be amisse.

Mores. Gods sanctie, this is a goodlie Booke in deede,  
Be there anie Saints in it and Pilcrows,  
A sir, I haue spied Christes Croesse me speede,  
I may tell you I am past all my Croesse rawes,  
I haue learned beyond the ten commaundementes,  
Two yeres ago doubtlesse I was past grace,  
I am in the middest of Gods Judgements,  
I trust to be as wise as he with in a dayt spate.

Pietie. I will haue all thise baile-wordes to cease,  
An other lease you must take now truly.

Mores. Of god Pilke if you will give me daile a messe,

You

A newv Commedie,called

- Pietie. You shall see I will wait vpon you dely.  
It is so that I may no longer tarry here,  
I must go hence, come will you go with me?  
Moros. Pea that I will, for here is litle good chere,  
What good fare you haue I purpose to se.  
Discipline, Looke that you doo your selfe honestlie behane,  
For I purpose to se you euery day thise,  
Neither mockes nor gaudes shall your skinne saue,  
I aduise you therfore to be honest and wise.  
Exercitatio In doing well, feare ye no punishment,  
Be ruled by the counsell of Discipline,  
Your owne follie will be your detriment,  
If you from Pietie chaunce to decline.  
Moros. I warrant you in-paire of twentie shames,  
I am wonne now, you shall se me verie honest,  
But yet I go yet let me know your names,  
Declare them I pray you at my request.  
Discipline. You know that my name is Discipline,  
Moros. Verie well, verie well Diricke Quintine,  
You are maister Diricke Quintine.  
Pietie. Ofttimes you haue heard me called Pietie,  
Moros. Maister Pinenuttre, and maister Diricke Quintine  
Exercitatio I exercise men in good worfkes and Doctrine,  
And therfore Exercitatio they call me.  
Moros. Arise out of fashon, heire is a millication,  
Diricke Quintine will gather Rodes of the Pinenuttre,  
And beake mine arse till it be out of fashon,  
With this devise truly I can not agre.  
Discipline. Why stand you murmuring there alone,  
Give eare unto the wordes that to you be said.  
Pietie. Come Moros, come good sonne, I must be gone,  
To dwell with me, you neede not be afraide.  
Moros. Afrayde, no I will go with you to the wozds ende,  
I promise you to be true night and day,  
For though never so much aboute me you do spend,  
I will not beare the balyz of a pennie away.  
Pietie. Go before him and yet saye. Wee haue taken a busie wozke vpon vs,





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

For al our wordes he is not the better one Pease,

Discipline. Well a season with him take ye paine,

Wee will proue if we can do any good.

Moros.

Go out pieti I will go seeke a new Master by the roode

and Moros. How thinke you, truly I am in dispaire

Exercitation. I feare that all our labour wil be lost,

He is not bent neither to abstinenſe nor praier,

I am aduised to bestow on hiȝ no more cost.

Discipline.

I plaue non multo est natura potentior vsu,

I like well that he is gone with Pietie,

For conuerſation with persons of vertue

Altereth nature sometime for a suertis :

Custome may all kinde of manners bring forth,

This to be true wee know by exerience,

But if he decay wee must take it at worth,

At the least let vs doo our diligence.

Exercit.

If he had been taken ſomewhat in ſeaſon,

Betweenne whiles let Woulde haue hoped in his amendment :

whiles let But folly hath ſo ouercharged his reaſon,

Moros put That he is paſt redreſſe in my iudgement :

While a plant of a Tre is yonge and tender,

You may cauſe it to grow crooked or right :

Do a childe, while knowledge is but ſlender,

You may i[n]ſtructe whereto you will by night :

But after the Plante is growne to a tre,

To any bowinge it will not geue place :

Do yonge folkes when to age growne they be,

They are ſtubbornē and be of an indurate face ;

Againe he is of a verie haughtie nature,

A witte, but to no goodneſſe applied,

If he ſhalbe ſuffered to endure,

Muche euill by him ſhalbe multiplied.

Discipline

Let vs ſe how he doth profit in Pietie,

If he goeth any thing forewardē therein;

Unto labour, vertue, and veritie,

I will hope him eaſely to winne,

For as I ſaide here a little before,

A newe Commedie, caled

Who so doth God faithfully serue and feare,  
And aboue all thinges him serue and honour,  
He shall thriue, go foward, and prospere.

Exercitation.

I beleue that with Pietie he went,  
From correction him selfe to wende,  
For if he to any vertue be bente,  
I am much deceaued truly in my minde:  
Certaine persons I coulde rehearse by name,  
Haue pretended a great perfection,  
And why to auoyde punishment and shame,  
Due for their vitions infection:  
As sum haue entred into religion,  
Wherfore because they will not pay their det,  
When they are persons of no good denotion,  
For upon vanitie their harts are set.

Discipline.

Go we softly and herken for his fashion,  
If with any lewdnesse I chaunce him to take,  
I shall minister to him such correction,  
As shall make his flesh tremble and quake.

Exercita.

With Pietie, you are not like him to finde,  
He did put in his head twise or thrise,  
He looketh for mates of an other kinde,  
Wholy he is geuen to folly and vice.

Discipline

He is like to escape very narowly,  
If neither of vs catche him by the backe,  
Except he be corrected throughly,  
He will still vs his foolish knacke.

Go out both.

Here entreth  
Idlenesse.

Where the devill is the horren foole,  
He had me evn now come hither,  
Doubtlesse he is gone agayne to schoole,  
Euen very now weare together,  
Truly they will make him a foole in deede,  
Teache him good manners, teache my dogge,  
When you see him in learning procede,  
Then will I make a man of this logge:  
What ho, where art thou Morose? What hor  
Doubtlesse they take payne aboue a stome,  
Doting fooles thinke to make Coze to grow

Upon





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros. Upon grauell, where earth there is none.

Crie w<sup>t</sup>ys  
out the doore; No more good Maister Diricke Quintine,  
making a  
noysse of  
heating.  
Idlenes.

Alas, alas nomore, nomore, nomore,

No more good Maister Diricke Quintine,

Bodie of God you beate me so soze,

I will forsake you and your doctrine.

No force hardly let them not spare;

What doth the foole in suche compayne,

That they would beate him on the buttoches bare,

To se that I would spend an halfe penny,

What howe Moros come hether I say,

He will not tary longe I dare warrant,

He and I mete ever once in a day,

Little will he sticke to play the trewant.

Herte entreth  
Incontinence.

What Idlenes the parent of all vice,

Who thought to haue found the heare.

Idlenes.

Then art thou neyther mannerly nor wise,

As by thy salutation doth appeare,

Fox if I of vice be the parent,

Then thy parent I must needes be,

Thou art a vice by all mens consent,

Therefore it is like that I begat thee.

Incontinence.

My parent, then hang my parent,

No syz I am your fellow and mate,

Wherwith you may be well content,

Fox I am of no small estate:

Otium enim fortes vitiorum est otium mentem,

Ad multa mala trahunt otii comes ipsa libido est.

Idlenes of vices is a prouocation,

To many euils Idlenesse draweth the minde,

Lust or lecherous inclination,

Is fellow to Idlenes by kinde,

To I haue proued by authoritie,

That I am thy fellow as I sayde,

To be my parent it were temeritie,

Your argument here I haue stayd.

Idlenes.

They were thine owne wordes and not mine,

The parent of all vice thou diddest me call,

A newv Commedie, called

Then it foloweth that I am thine,  
For thou art the greatest vice of all,  
The greatest mischeif that euer chaunced,  
Cam by the meanes of inconstancie,  
For where as thou art enhaunced,

Here entreth Wrath. There is all mischeife and insolencie.

Wrath. Wake roume, stande backe in the Devils name

Stande backe or I will lay thee on the face.

Incontinence. Marie stande thou backe with a verie shame,

Is there not roume inough in the place.

Idlenesse. It is but a coppie of his countenaunce,

Wrath must declare his propertie.

Incontinence. He is as whot as a vengeance,

Stande backe and geue him libertie.

Wrath. I had went it had been another,

I thought to haue gotten the a blow,

In my rage I fauour not my brother,

The nature of Wrath full well you do know.

Idlenesse. Wrath and Madnesse they say be all one,

Having that Madnesse doth still remaine;

But wrath in fooles will soone be gone,

Pea and as soone it wil come againe.

Incontinence. To fooles not only incontinencie

Is annered but wrath also furious,

The minde of fooles without clemencie,

Soone wareth hotte and is temerarious.

Wrath. Speaking of fooles, it cometh to my remembrance,

I thought to haue founde Moros the soole here;

Idlenesse. He goeth to schoole now with a vengeance,

He halbe a Doctour the next yere.

Wrath. To schoole, ha, ha, ha, as angris as I am,

I must laugh to here of Moros such newes

Idlenesse. I spake with him as hither I cam,

And willed him their schooling to refuse.

Incontinence. They kape him there still by violence,

But I know that with vs is his harte;

Wrath. When they bringe Moros unto Sapience,

Then





The longer thou liuest the more sole thou art.

Idlenesse.

Then of my sworde I will make a Carte.

I suppose that he will not be longe hence,  
If by any meanes he may escape.

Incontin.

I dare wage with any man fortie pence,  
To make him shortly as wise as an Ape.

Wrath.

That wager with the durst I lay,  
To make him so wise thou art not able,  
For he is as verie a foole I dare say,  
And as starke an Idiot as euer bare bable.

Idlenesse.

Pea but he shalbe a more foole yet,  
When all wee three be unto him amered;  
For the trueth is he hath now some wit,  
But then all his wittes shalbe perplexed,  
With me he is very well aquainted,  
For all his bringing vp hath been with me,  
So that any vertue he coulde neuer se:  
Therefo're passime he calleth me alway,  
In plaias and games he hath no measure,  
Incontinencie to him thou must say,  
That thy name is called pleasure.

Incontin.

I am called so with them that be wise,  
Wrath is wonte to be called manhode.

Wrath.

In good faith little needeth this devise,  
To be called by our names is as good:  
Doth he know what Idlenesse doth meane,  
Knoweth he incontinencie to be leacherie,  
He discerneth not cleane from uncleane,  
His minde is all set on foolerie.

Idlenesse.

Se, se, woulde you iudge him a foole,  
So sadly as he readeth on his booke.

Inconti.

By like he comesth now from schoole,  
On his lesson earnestly he doth looke.

Wrath.

Haure you seene a more foolish face,  
I must laught to se how he doth looke.

Idlenesse.

Holde your peace a little space,  
And heare him reade upon his booke.

Laugh all  
three at his  
reading.

Here entred Moros looking vpon a booke  
and often times looke behinde him, reade  
as fondely as you can devise.

A nevv Commedie, called

Moros.

Body of God laugh you me to scorne,  
I will tell Maister Diricke Quintine,  
By these tenne bones I will, I haue sworne,  
And he shall teache you to make tile pinne,  
Take heede of arse out of fashion,  
I aduise you come not in his clawes,  
I will tell them by Godes Passion,  
How you iudge them foole's and daues.  
I would you were with pynenutre,  
He would make you a little ladder,  
You shall go vp to the gallow tree,  
And come downe without a ladder,  
You are well learned if doth appeare,  
Can you any Lattin to vs speake.

Wrath.

Moros.

I can sing Custodi nos in the queere,  
And a verse of course finely broake.  
Wedde you Lattin, or Greeke, in your booke,  
What was it I pray you let vs knowe.

Moros.

Here you may see if you will looke,  
It was the cuckoles crosse rowe.

Idlenesse.

That crosse rowe let vs here I pray the,  
And a point for thy labour thou shalt haue.

Moros.

I am but a learner you may see,  
I can no further then is for a knane.  
Godes sante pastime my playfellow,  
For Godes sake kepe me from Diricke Quintine.

Idlenesse.

If my councell thou wilt followe,  
I will kepe the from him and from his doctrine.

Incontinencie.

He speaketh of one Diricke Quintine,  
Pinenutre and arse out of fashion,  
Doth he not meane old Discypline,  
Petic and Exercitation,

Idlenesse.

Yes pardie, but so to speake he can not,  
Tell him one thing twenty times,  
And he will forget it by and by God wot,  
Yet can he sing songes and make rymes.

Wrath.

What neede we to chaung our names for him,  
For he discerneth not cheese from chalke,





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

He careth not who doth sincke or swimme,  
So that in his owne wayes he may walke.

Moros. Shall I speake with you pastime in your eate,  
A word or two I would tell you of my mind,  
Past pastime this same grimman I do feare,  
Trowe you that he will be my friend.

Idlenesse. I warrant the all we be thy friendes here,  
We come to ride the out of thy foes bandes.

Incontinence. Feare none of vs but be thou of god chere,  
Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes.

Moros. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes,  
Tak; them by the hand. Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes,  
Bidde vs welcome and take vs by the handes.

Wrath. Gramercy Moros how do you.

Idlenesse. You are welcome Master manhode say,

Moros. You are welcome Master Robinhode say,

Idlenesse. You shal' cough me a sole I make God anowe,

Moros. You shall cough me a sole I make God anowe,

Incontinence. I can laugh well at him by this day,

Moros. I can laugh well at him by this day.

Idlenesse. Come to me Moros what doest thou with this booke,

Moros. Thou canst not reade upon it I am sure.

Wrath. Pynemuttre take it me thereon to loke,

Idlenesse. There are godly saintes in it sayze and pure.

Moros. Alas one wozde to reade in it he is not able,  
More fooles then he to geue him a booke,  
A sole will delight more in a bable,  
And moze mete for him therou to loke.

Idlenesse. Looke what a booke I haue for the here,  
Haue a pater Cast away that booke it is worse then nought.

of cardes  
redy. This booke will make the of a lusty chere,  
Incontinence. If thou wilst beare it alway in thy thought.

Moros. Goddes dayes it is a godly booke in dede,  
Santy amen here are saintes a great sozt,  
This booke passeth Christes Crose me spade,  
Ha,ha,ha,to he,ha,ha,ha,here is goodly sport,  
But let not Dericke Quintine this booke sic,  
He did sett me a lesson to tan.

None

A newv Commedie,called

Wrath.

None of them all shall meddle with thee,  
Wee are come to make thee a man.

Idlenesse.

Makē curtſie, and say I thanke you manhoode.

Moros.

Makē curtſie, and say I thanke you Robin hoode,

Makē curtſie,  
ſte backward

Goddes ſe here is a goodly gentlewoman,  
Here are ſpeckes, ſome blacke, ſome redde as bloud,

Teache me this booke I pray you perfitly to can.

Idlenesse.

If I wift that thou wouldest be pretie and wiſe,  
I would geue thee other thinges therwith to play,  
Heſt thou theſe bones : theſe are a payze of Dice,  
I will teache thee to occupie them one day.

Moros.

You taught me firſt to play at blow poynche,  
At ſpanne counter, coyting, and moſell the pegge,  
At ſkayles, and the playing with a cheepeſ toynte,  
And to hop a good way on my one legge :  
How long was I learning of theſe playes,  
I am apt inough ſuch good thinges to take,  
Do you no more but ſhew me the wayes,  
And if I learne not let me loſe the Stake.

Idlenesse.

Looke what I haue done for thee beſide,  
Here haue I gotten thee compaie,  
Whether ſo euer thou wilt go or ride,  
To deſende thee from all villanie :  
Lo, this gentleman is caſted pleaſure,  
He will teache thee to handle a wenche,  
Peanes I will teache thee to get treaſure,  
For ſuch thinges we will make a Trenche.

Moros.

Sir is your name caſted play ſore,

You are welcome, I thanke you hartly.

Laconianen.

Lush foole my name is caſted pleaſure,  
That is likinge, and luſt bodily,  
Fooleſ loue alway ſuch dalliance,  
To kiffe, to clip, and in bed to play,  
Oh, with luſtie girles to ſinge and daunce,  
To haue a more pleasant life no man may.

Moros.

O I meane what you know now,

Maſter Paſtime hearke againe in your eare.

Idlenesse.

Lush, lush, I warrant thee, care not thou,





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I will prouide for all such geare,  
Lo, this is manhoode to make thee holde,  
Let there be but a woarde and a blow.

Moros. I woulde looke bigge like a man, that I woulde  
If my bearde woulde a litle more grow.

Wrath. Suffer no man with thee to reason,  
For fooles can no wise answer make,  
Therefore geue a blow alway in season,  
Vasse not thou how they do it take,  
Like a man euer face out the mater,  
Sticke not bloud, harte, and woundes to sware,  
But suffer no man with thee to clatter,  
Anon let him haue a blow on the eare:  
Beholde here I geue thee a good sworde  
And a dagger thy selfe to defende,  
Draw thy dagger at every worde,  
And say that thy bloud thou wylt spende.

Moros. Holde (quhe) I pray you keepe my booke,  
These weapons haue set me on a fier:

Floish with your sworde. Now say you, like a man do I not looke,  
To be fighting now is all my desire,  
No remedie, with one of you I must fight,  
Fende your heads, you fooles, knaues, and dalves.

Idlenesse. He sheweth the nature of a foole right,  
Which is to chide and fight without a cause.

Incontinen. It is a prouerbe wise and auncient,  
Beware how you geue any edge toole,  
Unto mad men that be insipient,  
Unto a yonge childe, and vnto a foole.

Wrath. He fighteth till he is out of h[is] cath,  
Inough now Moros it is well doone.

Moros. By the Vasse I will fight my selfe to death,  
I pray you let not me leauue so soone.

Incontin. Sir, who am I, will you remember,  
What did Pastime tell you in your eare.

Moros. A pretie morsell, yonge and tender,  
Now woulde to God I weare there.

Idlenesse. Thou must weare thy sworde by thy side,

D.

End

A newv Commedie, called

And thy daggar handsumly at thy backe,  
Before thou fightest thou most vse to chide,  
Marke what I say and learne of me that knacker:  
First this order with thee we will take,  
We will teache thee to play at cardes and dice,  
Aquented with pell and pan we will thee make,  
And to appeare, a man both mightie and wise,  
We will desire pleasure to take Payne,  
To prouide vs an hanosome hospitall,  
Wherre secretly we may together remayne,  
Till we haue fynished our deuises all.

Incontinence. Hearke is it best that there we mette,  
At that house such as we vse to banquette.

Moros. Nay I pray you let vs haue one sheete,  
For I can not well lye in a blankette.

Idlenesse. Thushe sole we speake of banqueting,  
We meane to eate, drinke, and make god cheare,  
With Pegge and Belle to be russeling,  
Till here as no pleasure shall be to dere.

Wrath. There are beddes, blanquets, and shetes god stoe,  
And the house of a gyrtle never emptie,  
You shalbe sure of one or other evermore,  
Sometimie you may haue your choyle of twenty.

Incontinence. You meane the thacked house by the water sive,  
Which is whitlyned aboue in the loose.

Idlenesse. Pea pardee there thou shalt for vs prouide,  
An house it is for the nones if it come to the profe.

Incontinence. I go hence tarry you not after long,  
For I will bidde myne hostesse make hast.

Moros. Before you go let vs haue a song,  
I can retche vp to sing sol fa and past.

Idlenesse. Thou hast songes god stoare sing one,  
And we three the foute will beare.

Moros. Let me stody it will come anone,  
Pepe la,la,la,it is to hye there,  
Ho,ho,ho, and that is to lowe,  
Holl,holl,fa,fa, and that is to flatte,  
Re,re,re,by and by you shall knowe,





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

- Idlenes. My my my how saye you to that.  
Care not for the true but what is thy song,  
No remedie thou must first beginne.
- Incontinenc. I will be gone if you tarry long,  
Whan we knowe how we shall come in.
- Moros. I haue a pretty tytmouse,  
Come picking on my to,
- III.iii.the same. Gessuppe with you I purpose,  
To drinke before I go.
- Moros. Little pretty nightingale,  
Among the braunches grene,
- III.iv. the same. Geue vs of your Christmasseale,  
In the honour of saint Steuen.
- Moros. Robyn readbyest with his noates,  
Singing a loste in the quere,
- III.v. the same. Warneth to get you frese coates,  
For winter then draweth nere.
- Moros. My brigitie lieth on the shelfe,  
If you will haue any more,
- Go out In-continencc. Touchsafe to sing it your selfe,  
For here you haue all my stoare.
- wrath. A song much like thauhour of the same,  
It hangeth together like fethers in the winde.
- Moros. This song learned I of my dame,  
When she taught me mustardede to grinde,
- Goddes daies is playslure gone awaye,  
I would haue spoken with him or euer he had  
I am soray for that by this day, (gone,  
He shold haue borne me a token to Jone.
- Idlenes. Thou shalt beare.iii.quarters of a foole,  
Perdy Jone will that best regard.
- Moros. Shall we go leape ouer the stoele,  
Or play for the hole about the Churcheard,  
I must be doing of somewhat alway,  
My weapon ones againe I must handle,  
How my daggat will cut now I will assay,  
Beware how with me they wandle,  
Fend your heades, how like you this florish,

A nevv Commedie called

Nay I can fetch him ouer my head,  
This fetche amonge such as be foolish,  
I may tell you, will stande sometime in steade.

Wrath.

This felow fighteth very sore alone,  
God haue mercy on his soule he will kill,  
This storie will awaie anon,  
Namely when he is acquented with gill.

Idlenesse.

Beepe thy fighting till discipline doth come,  
Then let me se how thou wilt play the man.

Moros.

Body of God stande away make roume,  
I will surely hit him if I can,  
D that my sworde were a mile longe,  
I would kill him then where as he dwelleth,  
Me thinke I am waxen very stronge,

Here entret,

Discipline.

He I pray you how my hart swelleth.

The longer thou liuest the more soole thou art,  
A foole in childehood, a foole in vvolencie,  
In mans state thou wilt play a fooles parte,  
And as a foole die with shame and infamie,  
Beate a foole in a morke saith the wise man,  
And thou shalt not make him leane his folly;  
I haue doone all that euer I can,  
And I se it profiteth not truly.

Moros.

Sauve me I pray you Maister Robin hoode,  
This is Diricke Quintine my maister,  
He will fight as he were wood,  
For me he hath brought yonder waster,  
I know Diricke Quintines intente,  
He will bringe me to Arse out of fashon,  
There in woake and labour I shall be pent,  
And I had leuer die by Gods passion.

Wrath.

Why horesun take thy sworde in thy hande,  
And at the gaynest upon him lay.

Idlenesse.

Go to him like a man by thee I will stande,  
Not so hardie in his head one wordes say.

Moros.

Hira speake you I pray you Robin hoode,  
Take you my sworde and drive him hence.

Wrath.

What horesun I tell thee my name is manhood,

I haue





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Discipline. I had leuer haue spente sortie pence,

Animi vilis timor Argumentum est,

Feare of a vile minde is an argument,

Conscience accuseth the foolish beast,

That he hath forsaken wholsom document.

Moros. I shall haue a beard I trow one day,

Then shall I be a man stonge and bolde,

If my beard were growne to you I may say,

I woulde pay him home, by God that I woulde,

Take thy sworde in thyne hande and say,

I defie thee I olde rustie pesant.

Moros. Take thy sworde in thine hande and say,

I defie thee, I olde thurstie wesant.

Wrath. Aboyde, frudge, and get thee away,

Or by his hart I will cut thy wesant.

Moros. A cloyde grudge but not denay,

Or by his carte I will plucke a Pesant:

Idlenesse. Why it is true that of thee he sayde,

The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Moros. Bodie of God of him I am so alraide,

That at every worde I am like to farte.

Wrath. The foole as yet is yonge and nesb,

And the feare of Disciplina is in his minde,

After that he is noseled in womans flesh,

The knaute he will play in his kinde.

Idlenesse. It is euen so, a boy is neuer bolde,

Till he hath companied with an hooze,

Then doth he picke quarels, chide and scolde;

After that he despiseth both riche and poore,

Cum pleasure hath all shinges prouided,

Let vs no longer tarie here,

He will thinke that wee haue him derided,

Go we, let vs see his prouision and cheare.

Moros. I wilbe sure to be gone first,

I am out of your handes Diricke Quintine,

Now do thou thy best and thy worst,

I defie both thee and all thy Doctrine. Go out at iiij.

Discipline. Marke the trade of much youth at this day,

D. ij.

De

A nevv Commedie , called

He if this sole painketh not out theyr image,  
Them they despise that eyther do or say,  
Any thing at all to restraine there dotage,  
The sole and boy sayth the Prophet Esay,  
Shall presume against his ruler auncient,  
Young soles do this saying verifie,  
To wise men it is ouer evident,  
When soles are suffred in folly,  
And youth maintained in theyr will,  
When they come vp to mans state wholy,  
Foles they be and so they continue still:  
One writteth thus among many thinges,  
Neuer shall you haue god men and sapient,  
Wher there be no god children and yonglings,  
Which thing is most true in my iudgement:  
Two thinges destroye youth at this day,  
Indulgentia parentum, the sondnes of parents,  
Which will not correct there nougthy way,  
But rather enbolden them in there entents,  
Idlenesse alas Idlenesse is an other,  
Who so passeth through England,  
To se the youth he would wonder,  
How Idle they be and how they stand,  
A Christian mans hart it would pittie,  
To behold the euill bringing vp of youth,  
God preserue London that noble Cittie,  
Where they haue taken a godly ordre for a frush,  
God geue them the mindes the same to maintaine,  
For in the world is not a better ordre,  
If it may be Gods fauour still to remaine,  
Many god men will be in that bordre.

Go out.

Fortune. No Gods mercy, no reverence, no honour,  
No cappe of, no knye bowed, no homage,  
Who am I: is there no more god manner,  
I trowe, you know not me, nor my lignage,  
I tell you I rule and gouerne all,  
I aduaunce and I plucke downe againe,  
Of him that of byrth is pore and small,





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

As a noble man I can make to rayne,  
I am she that may do all thinges,  
In Heauen or earth who is like to me,  
I make captives of Lordes and Kinges,  
Of captives or fooles I make Kinges to be,  
So curteyly yet soz all this power,  
I tell you learned men call me a goddesse,  
A beggar I make Ritchie in an hower,  
To such as I loue, I gene god successe,  
Who in this world can me withstand,  
Who can say yea, where I say nay,  
I charinge all in the turning of a hand,  
What so ever I will do it I may,  
Haue I done nothing soz any here,  
Haue I not one louer nor friende,  
None to welcomme me with a mery cheare,  
So lo by my trouth you be vnkinde,  
Well I may chaunce some to displease,  
I purpose to dally and play a feate,  
Whiche shall turne some to small ease,  
A popish foole will I place in a wisemans seat,  
By that you shall learne I trove,  
To do your dutie to a lady so bye,  
He shall teach you fortune to knowe,  
And to honour hyz till you die.

Incontinen. It is a wrold to see the fooles greedines,  
I haue museled him incarnalitie,  
A man would maruell to see his redines,  
Unto all fleshly sensualitie,  
And these harlots are not to learn,  
How to dally with a simple foole,  
They may leade him with a thred of yeame,  
Into the middest of a whyzle pole,  
He prayed me hether to decline,  
And looke diligentlie about,  
He is afrayd of discipline,  
And of exercitation no doubt,  
Neyther of them both can I see,

I will

A new Commedie, called

I will returne and beare him wozde,  
A glad man then will Moros be  
For them he feareth moze then the sword.

Fortune.

Whether now syza are you blinde,  
Am I so little a moate that you cannot see,  
I will plucke downe your hie minde,  
And cause you I trow to know me.

Scroble a go.  
yng out.

Incont.

I cry you mercie ladie most excellent,  
Without doubt I did not your honour beholde,  
O Empresse, O Goddesse omnipotent,  
I render you prayses manikolde.

Fortune.

Well at this time I holde you excused,  
Glad to see you do your dutie so well,  
If all other had them selues so vsed,  
It had been better for them, to you I may tell,  
I trow your name is incontinencie,  
One of the properties of Moros

Incontinencie.

I see him geuen to insolencie,  
And I further him in that purpose,  
Lecherie is to fooles counaturall,  
While men thereof are euer ware,  
For they see that such vses bestiall,  
Bringe men to infamie, shame and care.

Fortune.

How vile so euer he be in condition,  
How foolish so euer and insipient,  
How full of pzyde so euer and ambition :  
How lecherous so euer and incontinent,  
It is notwithstanding our pleasure,  
To exalt him in honour and richesse,  
Wee will geue him laude, wealth, and treasure,  
And in all thinges therewith good successe ;  
He loueth women I will gine him plentie,  
He loueth gay rayment, meates and drinbes fine,  
Of rayment he shall haue shistes t wentie ?  
Dore of Venison, wildefoole, b'reade and wine,  
Moros shall lacke nothing for a season,  
They shall see that Fortune can exalte footes,  
Who shall rurter men of wit and reason,

End





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

And make them glad to learne theyr scholes,  
Seing that the vulgares will me not prayse,  
For exalting god men and sapient,  
I will gette me a name an other wayes,  
That is by erecting scoldes insipient.

Incontinence. Pleaseth it you to geue me licence.  
A fewe verses of a Poete to recite.

Fortune. I will gladly here the Poetes sentence,  
Wher as against me he doth not writte.

Incontinence. Sed redeo ad stultos, quos quando extollit & alto,  
Collocat in soleo, cupiens fortuna iocari,  
O quod stultiis tunc omnia plena videbis.

I come now to speake of scoldes againe,  
With whom when it pleaseth Fortune to play,  
She extolleth and maketh to rayne,  
Ye and to them wise men to obey,  
D than wi h how many follies shalt thou se,  
All thinges filled and replenished,  
Whiche to rehearse long it would be,  
Yet of the Poete they be published,  
Dishonestie,mightelie, triumpheth than,  
Virtusque mouet contempta Cachinnum.  
Vertue is mocked of every man,  
Then of hoores and harlots there is no small som,  
Nothing but eating, drinking, and play,  
Only voluptuousnes swolish and filthy,  
Encreaseth more and more day by day,  
And hath the rule in Reialme and Citie.

Fortune. And as the Poete writteh so shall it be,  
With Moros we will take such an order,  
That all thinges which for his pleasure he shall se,  
So let him commaund in every border,  
You know where Moros we shall finde,  
We commaund you to lead vs to the place,  
And forasmuch as you occupie his minde,  
So teach him to know our Noble grace,  
Fox before that he doth againe appeare,  
An other manner of person we will him make,

A newv Commedie, called

Pea, and we will cause all persons farre and neare,  
As a Worthe Gentleman him to take.

Incontinencie. If it will please your grace to walke,  
I will bringe you where as Moros is.

Fortune. Cum wait upon me, by the way we will falke,  
Thou shalt se wonders after this. Go out both.

Pietie. I am come hither now to complayne,  
Not only to see this foole thus to miscarie,  
Whiche vertuous Discipline doth disdayne,

And ta honestie is contrarie,  
But also of a great multitude,  
Whiche despise God and his Councell,  
As though there were no beatitude,  
No tormentes for sinne with Deuilles in Hell,  
I can say no more of Pietie,  
Then I haue said a little before,  
Whiche is to serue Gods Maiestie,  
The same to loue, to feare, to honour,  
But now alas what manners, what heauy times,  
Pietie is utterly extinguisched,  
What contempt is there, what crimes,  
More mischiefe then can be published,  
And as Gods Maiestie is despised,  
So the loue among men doth abate,  
Neuer was there greater hatred devised,  
Then is among men of every estate,  
What falsehood, what deceit and guile,  
What subtillties are of men inuented,  
Who doth not his body with sinne defile,  
Who is with his dwone state contented,  
I haue redde of many worldes and seasons,  
Of so sinfull a world did I neuer read,  
About mischiefe men occupie their reasons,  
None other thing now a daies is in their head,  
Yet God hath sum good people I darre say,  
Whiche pray devoutlie fast and abstaine,  
And call upon him night and day,  
The wickednes of our times to restraine,

And





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

And I doubt not for his owne name sake,  
He will subuert the workes of sinne,  
Whiche he graunt shortly to slake,  
And that vertue the victorie may winne.

Wrath.

Ha,ha,ha, I must laugh to see Fortunes daliance,  
Lord how she hath this sole enhaunced,  
The sposte is to see his countenance,  
This wealth hath to him straungly chaunced,  
But they say that soles are foyntable,  
It appeareth to be the trew now indeede,  
Fortune hath made a sole honoorable,  
And like moe in honour to procede,  
Now am I sent Officers to seke,  
Impietie, Crueltie, and Ignorance.  
I must trudge about all this weke,  
Not a litle vnto my hinderance.

Pietie.

Such a Master, such seruaunts in deede,  
O what a plague is it euermore,  
When vertuous men haue euell spade,  
And soles haue ease, wealth and honour,  
Haue we not had manifest probation,  
Haue not men of God beene put to silence,  
And such soles in whom was no god disputation,  
But altogether with Crueltie gaue they sentence.

Wrath.

Thou art one of them for whom I seke,  
Not for thy honour, but for thy decay,  
I haue commaundment to choppe thee as a lecke,  
If thou wilst not get the away,  
Wherfore be ruled by my Councell,  
Cum no more into Moros Companie,  
For both with shame he will expell,  
And put thee also to vilanie.

Pietie.

Better it is to meete a she Beare,  
When she is robbed of her whelpes,  
Then with a sole that rule doth beare,  
For nother reason nor learning will be his helpe.

Wrath.

No moe wordes but get the away at once,  
I am Wrath sone kindled and set on fire,

C.ii. Speake

A nevv Commedie, called

Speake one worde and I will b<sup>r</sup>eake thy bones,  
And tread the downe here in the myze,  
Pea, I aduise thee, loe what wrath can do,  
To wrath place to geue he is glad,  
To soles many are glad to leane to,  
For feare of they<sup>r</sup> rage when they are made,  
Ponder cometh one that I seeke for,  
I am deceiued, if it be not the same,  
As he were blinde about he doth p<sup>r</sup>ote,  
Ignorance I suppose is his name.

Ignorance.

Is there any body here in this place,  
I am sent for in all the hast I weene,  
I am commaunded to come away apace,  
They will maruell where so long I haue beene,  
Whether shouldest you go I pray you frend,  
And who is it that for you did send.

Wrath.

Lady Fortune did tell me her minde,  
And to speake with Moros I do intend.

Wrath.

To tarry here if you will take the paine,  
Moros will come hether anone:  
Where impietie is I would know sayne,  
And where I shouldest speake with him alone.

Ignorance.

Crudelitie, Impietie, and I,  
Were coming all thre together,  
I thinke verily that they are passed by,  
And gone euen the right way thether.

Wrath.

What are they<sup>r</sup> names when they come there,  
What do you call Impietie.

Ignorance.

Philosophie his name his euery where,  
Crudelitie, Prudencie, and I Antiquitie.

Wrath.

Very well I am glad of this in dede,  
By reason hereof my Zornie is at an ende,  
I purpose no further to proceede,  
To returne againe I do intende,  
I will cause Moros to make hast,  
Antiquitie tarrieth for you, I will say.

Ignorance.

Pea and though the time be somwhat past, Go out.  
Tell him that I did not well know the way, Wrath.

Ignorance





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Ignorance.

Ignorance yea Ignorance is my name,  
A meete mate with fooles to dwell,  
A qualitie of an auncient fame,  
And yet drowne I many one in hell,  
The Papistes which the truth do know,  
Lord how I haue nuseled them in my science.  
I haue so taught them, that how so euer the wind blow,  
They shall still encline to my sentence,  
So that though they haue knowledge and cunning,  
They are but Ignoraunt and fooles,  
After euery Heresie and Poperie, they are running,  
And delight daily to learne at newe scholes,  
Also many that do them selues abuse,  
Some in that Iniquitie and some in this,  
By Ignorance they do them selues excuse,  
As though they know not that they did amisse,  
When theyr conscience beare them record,  
That theyr aces are wicker and euill,  
Therefore when they shall come before the Lord,  
He shall condemne them with Satan the Deuill.

Moros.  
Ente Gaily  
disguised  
and with a  
foolish  
beard.

A Hy, my beard is well growne,  
I thought that I shold be a man ones,  
Yea a Gentleman, and so will I be knowne,  
A man of honour both body and bones,  
How say you my Councillours tell me,  
Haue I not a Gentlemans countenance.

Impietie.

A better face truly I did neuer se,  
Nor a better legge in my remembraunce.

Crueltie.

If you had not bene comly and wise,  
Fortune would not haue so fauored you:  
You muste appeare to be straunge and nyse,  
That will cause men humbly to bowe.

Ignorance.

Goddes deintye, is this Master Moros.  
A propre Gentleman by saint Anne,  
To dwel with your maship I purpose,  
And to do you the best seruice that I can.

Impietie.

This is an other of your Councell,  
Whose name is called Antiquitie:

A nevv Commedie , called

His wordes are treuer then the Ospell,  
A person full of truth and fidelitie.

Mores. You are welcome gentle sanguinitie,

A Syr: is sanguinitie your name.

Crudelitie. He is called auncient antiquitie,  
A person of god stocke and great fame.

Mores. Welcome againe then gentle tandiditie,  
And you are welcome all three indeee.

Pild lousy boy Fippence and tandiditie,  
How do you welcome all god speede.

Impicitie. For soth I am called Philosophie,  
Prudence is this mans name doubtlesse;  
Antiquitie he is called verilie,  
As here after we shall more plainly expresse.

Mores. Pild lousy boy Fippence and tandiditie,  
You are welcome, you come to wayte one me.

Ignorancie. Pea and to serue you with all humilitie,  
And to fulfil your requestes redy to be.

Impicitie. Fortune appointed me to be gouernour,  
Of your owne person you to directe:  
And to conuince every baine troubler,  
Which shall presume your minde to infecte.

Crudelitie. And me she appointed them to correct,  
Which should do ought against your minde,  
Pea and your profites and rents to collect,  
And to seke narowly where we may them finde.

Ignorancie. I am ordeined alway to give you warning,  
Of exercitation in any science:  
Lesse you hurt your wittes with learning,  
And dull your understanding and science.

Mores. Shall I tell you there was one pynuttre,  
Who a while had me in his handling,  
He was vp with God and holy diuintre,  
But I was sone wery of his wandling,  
And that curst hooreson Diricke Quintine,  
Would beate me shrewdly by Gods Passion,  
He went about me to famish and pine;  
Through one arse out of fashion.

I shall





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I shall desyre you pild lousy boy,  
And you Fippence and tanoidisie,  
Them to bannish and utterly destroye,  
For I feare their crudelitie.

Impietie. Feare: and you a man of nobilitie,  
Remember that you are come to manhood.

Crudelitic. Hath not Fortune set you in authozitie,  
With your owne hand let their hart bloode.

Moros. Body of God give me my sworde,  
Hart, woundes, I will kill them by and by.  
Armes and sides I haue spoken the worde,  
His bloud and bones they shall die,  
Am I in authozitie do you say,  
May I hang, burne, head and kill,  
Let them be sure I will do what I may,  
I will be knowne in authozitie that I will.

Impietie. Pietig, Discipline, and Exercitation,  
Peane you not them I pray you.

Moros. They indeede haue put me to tribulation,  
But I trow I will trouble them againe now.  
Body of God am I in authozitie,  
I will burne them, hang them, boyle them,  
As many as once professe pietie,  
If I may know it I will turmoyle them.

Impietie. Of God indeede many of them talke,  
And of the soule, and of Heauen and Hell,  
But from you as swoles let them walke,  
They speake of a thing wherof they can not tell,  
I am named Philosophie,  
The knowledge of all thinges I do containe,  
In me is Astronomie and Astrologie,  
The truth of all thinges in me do remaine,  
I can teach you Heauen to know,  
Whiche they call a Sphericall figure,  
More perfitly then any other hye or lowe,  
Eternal for sooth in his owne nature,  
Also how that the world was made,  
In the middest of the sayd Heauen.

A nevv Commedie , called

How v. sonnes deuide it in theyr trade,  
Of the Sicles and Epicicles seuen,  
Of mouing and quiet I can teache,  
Of matter and forme I can tell goodly geare,  
Such as go vp into pulpettes and preache,  
Especially these newe felowes, to them geue no eare,  
Pay then, wheras you haue authoritie,  
Suffer them not in any wise to dwell,  
Be bold to punish them with austoritie,  
For it is but all Heresie that they do tell,  
Godly doctrines I can teach you of nature,  
And how it bringeth forth nothing perflyghtly,  
Without Art this is a doctrine sure,  
Also how the same worketh secretly,  
Now such as of God to you will talke,  
Of Heauen, Hell, or of the soule,  
From your presence bid them walke,  
Pea though they alledge Christ and Poule,  
Concerning those thinges I am appointed,  
To bring you into the veritie,  
Endeuuer your selfe to be acquainted,  
With your noble Counceller Antiquitie  
From time to time euermore still,  
He shall in your companie remaine,  
Prudence shall get in, poll and pill,  
For euermore seeke for your gayne.

Morus.

You are a cunning person I see that,  
Would to God you had a better name,  
Vild lousy boy, sye that is to flatte,  
And to call you Fippence it is a shame.

Ignorance.

His name I tell you is Philosophic,  
In whom is contained all science,  
Antiquitie is my name verilye,  
And this person is called Prudence.

Morus.

Gods blessinge on your harts all  
I shall remember your names I trowe:  
My seruants by theyr names I will call,  
If my beard a little longer would growe,

I doubt





*ach Tag* → The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I doubt not but as you grow in age,  
So you will encrease in sapience:  
You shall never want a witty page,  
To sharpen your intelligence.

*Ignorance.* With all your affaires let vs alone,  
Geue you your minde to pleasure,  
Eate, drinke, dally and play with Jone,  
We will maintaine your state with treasure,  
Hum will moue you to reade Scripture,  
Hum would haue you seen in Stories,  
Hum to feates of armes will you allure,  
All these are but plaine vaine glories,  
Mary I woud haue you scene in cardes and dice,  
As you shalbe I trow / in a while,  
We trust to make you in them so wise,  
That none shalbe able you to begilde.

*Cruelie.* You must set your selfe forth with the bell,  
You must learne to haue a diuerse countenance,  
Frowning when a thing you shall detest,  
Pleasant when ought is for your furtheraunce,  
Ho, ho, that is well when you are angrie,  
Metely well to when you are pleased,  
A smiling countenance you must carie,  
When your conceit is in all thinges eased.

*Impietie.* By my trouth wot you like whom he doth looke,  
He is as like a cosin of mine as euer I did see.

*Cruelie.* That he is like him in face you may swaere on a booke  
And also his condicions with his, do well a græ,  
As touching all godlines a fiole he was,  
But in filthy demeanour who was worse,  
Out of doubt in sinne he did so excell and passe,  
That the whole countrie for him God did curse.

*Ignorance.* Leue I pray you Syrs what needeth this clatter,  
You talke sir me thinke you wot not what:

*Cruelie.* I pray you go forward with our matter,  
If you know any waies for our masters profit speake  
To provide thinges to come by policie, (that.  
I will worke vnder such a pretence,

F That

A newv Commedie , called

That all thinges shall appeare honeste,  
And for that cause am I named Prudence,  
Againe in prouiding your necessaries,  
I will in such a sort canuaſ the lawe,  
That ſuch as be your aduersaries,  
Shalbe brought to Cōrum and awe.

Mores.

O who hath ſuch ſervaunts as I haue,  
So learned, so wiſe, in Hall and in Schole,  
Among them all, there is not one knauie,  
So that it ſkilleth not though I be a ſole:  
Would to God I had my ſervaunts together,  
Pastime, Pleaſure, and Robinhoods,  
I pray you take paine to call them hether,  
To haue them waiſt. A me it ſhould do me god.

Impietie.

You know the naues of all your ſervaunts,  
It may please you them here to recite,  
Wee muſt alſo know the names of your tenuants,  
That in your bookeſ of accomptes we may them write.

Mores.

Wild lousy boy you are the beſt,  
None of them better then you none ſo god,  
Pippence and Landividie be nexte,  
Pastime, Pleaſure, and Robinhode,  
Here be ſix honest persons indeede,  
By ſaint Walkin it is an honest traine,  
You ſhall haue all one liuery and wiſde,  
For you all intend my profit and gaine.

Crueltie.

To the draper I will go and bye cloth,  
And aray all your ſervaunts in a liuery:  
To wait on you otherwiſe I would be loth,  
That wil be Gentlemanlike verily.

Impietie.

The great affaires I do conſider,  
That Prudence in other things muſt haue,  
It is beſt therfore that wee go together,  
So ſhall we be ſure money to ſaue,  
And here we leauie auncient Antiquitie,  
A perſon that no bad Councell will geue,  
He is prudent and full of sagacitie,  
His councell ſe that you do beleue.

I haue





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

- Moros. I haue seruaunts that finely can sing,  
Let me here I pray you, what you can do,  
Singing and playing I loue aboue all thing,  
Let me here you, I pray you, go to.
- Ignorance. I am old and my voice is rustie,  
Yet I will sing to do you pleasure.
- Moros. We will haue drinke if you be thurstie,  
For I loue to drinke without measure.
- Ignorance. You must beginne for I can no s kill,  
Yet I will iumble on as well as I can,
- Cruelte. We are indifferent, sing what ye will,  
We were brought vp with a singing man.
- Impietie. We take our leaue of you for this season,  
In time we shall wayte on you againe.
- Sing some  
merry song. To haue a time it standeth with reason,  
In order to set among your traine.
- Cruelte. In my house you will appoint me Officers,  
Such as shall bring in to make frolicke therre,  
But those that of Discipline and Pietie are folowers,  
I would haue rooted out both farre and nere,  
Fare ye well :as soone as you can returne,  
For I can do nothing without your councell.
- Impietie. He that speaketh one word against you, we wil burne  
Hange or heade him like a rebell. . . . . Ga out both.
- Moros. Bea mary Syr this doth me good at the hart,  
Fare ye well, worthy to serue a Gentleman.
- Ignorance. I tell you they were not brought vp at the Cart,  
Full worshipfully their curtesy they can:  
Now Syr, tell me how seele you your stomacke,  
Are you disposed to play,eate,or drincke,  
Tell me if there be any thing that you lacke,  
Deuise what ye wil, and in minde do ye thinke,  
You shall haue it what so ever it doth cost,  
We will neither passe of wind nor wether.
- Moros. By my trouth the thing that I desire most,  
Is in my cappe to haue a goodly feather.
- Ignorance. A feather: a matter of great importaunce,  
You shal haue a feather if it cost a pounde

A new Commedie, called.

Looke vp lustelie vse a gentlemans countenance,  
And a feather I trowe sor you shall be found.

Mores. A feather would make me looke a loft,

Hanjo you one: what a redde one?

Now I thanke you, it is goodly stoft,  
This will make me a Gentleman alone,  
Make it fast I pray you in my cappe,  
Now by my honour I thanke you hartelie,  
This will beare away a good rappe,  
As good as a sallet for me verilie,  
I looke vpward now alwaie still,  
Goddes daies my feather I can not see,  
Of this Feather I can no skill,  
Beschrew thy hart, I haue hurt my knæ.

Looke vp:  
ward to see  
the fether.  
Stumble  
and fall.

Like the Philosopher that looked so hie,  
So long that he fell into the myze,  
Also an other that gased so into the skie,  
Till he fel grouelinges in the fire,  
For a gentleman to looke hie it is meete,  
But in all thinges there is a meane,  
It becommeth you to take heede to your sete,  
Lesse you make your garments soule and yncleane.

Mores.

A bvengeance take this foolish feather,  
While it is there I can not looke downe.

Ignorance. Fie, fie, you shold haue said so rather,  
Looke here how vnseemelie, you weare your geare,  
Hæ, Hæ, it hangeth all on the one side,  
And your sword is betwene your legges,  
Wise men will you mocke and deride,  
And not set by you a coupple of egges,  
Let me helpe you to set your gowne right,  
On this fassion your sword you must weare,  
A lacke, a lacke, if I had a good sight,  
I woulde trim you in your geare.

Mores.

Pust I not looke ouer my shoulder somtime,  
I haue seene some that thus woulde iette.

Ignorance. To be equall with the best do you cline,

Remember





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Remember still that in honour you are set,  
The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.  
Every day more foole then other,  
Thou wilt play such a foolish part,  
As shall shame countrey, father and mother,  
Good audience, note this soles proceeding,  
In tendre age, in Idlenes he was nuseled,  
In adolescencie when Pubes was springing,  
Touching vertue, as a dogge that is muscled,  
All willing to learne and therfore vnapt,  
All his senses he applied to vice,  
Anone with such companions he was wrapt,  
As no yong man will be that is wise,  
Neuer could I bring him to Pietie,  
That is God to serue, to loue, to feare,  
Neither to do ought for his owne vtiltie,  
Neither reverence in his hart to heare,  
But as solem all are unpatient,  
So was he geuen to hastines and yre,  
In lecherie as soles be all incontinent,  
Through Idlenes he was set on fire,  
Whereto mans state ones he attained,  
Worldly Fortune did hym in wealth erect,  
God and good Counsell he disdained,  
Being then with all miserie infecte,  
Now is he come unto plaine Impietie,  
Whiche persuadeth him God to denie,  
And with him is ioyned Trudelitie,  
Against the innocents to replie,  
Behold here he is ledde with Ignorance,  
So that he will not beleue the veritie,  
Beside these he hath other mainteinance,  
To upholde him in his iniquitie,  
Of suche the Prophete did Prophecie,  
The sole saith in his hart there is no god,  
Corrupt are they and full of villanie,  
Therefore shall they be beate with an yron rodde.

Marcus.

Can you tell of whom this tale they haue told,

F. iii.

I am

A newv Commedie, called

- Ignorance. I am a man he knoweth me not now.  
    Lush, face him out, feare not be bold,  
    For all this talke he hath of you.
- Moros.     Syr, shall I drawe my sword or daggar,  
It is not best to kill him out of hand.
- Ignorance.     Lush you are but a craking braggart,  
I would se you boldly him to withstand.
- Moros.     Woulde to God that pild lousy boy were here,  
God Lord what meaneth my man Robinhode.
- Ignorance.     Are you afrayde for very shame draw nere,  
I would let out sum of his lawse blood.
- Moros.     God man you, know you who I am,  
My beard is growne I am a man now,  
You shall repent that hether you came,  
I will kill you I make God auow,  
A vengeance on it, my daggar will not out,  
Syr I pray you how my hand de'h quake,  
Rayle on mee you beggarly loute,  
You and I afraiue will make,  
Am I not a Gentleman knaue,  
Body of God will you presume,  
Truly I diddite no power I haue,  
So great is my angre and fume.
- Discipline. A sole vterereth his angre in hast,  
And hath not the wit measure to keepe,  
Where much angre is, strength is past,  
And wisdom is drowned in folly deepe,  
As fayer legges to a cripple are unseemelie,  
So to a sole hono: is vndecent:  
As snow in haruest is untemelie,  
So is it a plague where a sole is regent,  
What shoulde a sole do with money or treasure,  
Seing that Sapience he can not bye,  
In voluptuousnes he walloweth without measure,  
As a beastly swine doth in his filthie stye.
- Moros.     Body of God for angre I am like to die,  
Where is Robinhode and pild lousy boy,  
Callest thou me sole, I utterlie thee desie,

Thee





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Thee and all thine, this sword shall utterlie destroie,  
Plucke out my sword god Candide,  
Passion of God, kill him dolone right.

Ignorance. He shold not long liue in tranquilitie,

If I had my perfithe senses and sight,  
But be you ruled by my Councell,  
For this time let vs depart and geue place,  
We shall send them hether that shall him compell,  
To holde his peace, yea, spite of his face.

Moros. Content, content, we will go hence in dade,

We will send to you ere it be long,  
Alas where be my seruaunts in time of neede,  
This tough horesun for me is to stronge. Go out both.

Discipline. As scripture calleth this the hiest sapience,

God to know, to feare, to loue, and obey,  
And the most pure and high intelligence,  
Is to follow his precepts night and day,  
So God to contempne, to despise, to hate,  
Is such a folly as none is more extreme,  
This is the most miserable state,  
Yea, no state at all as wise men do esteeme,  
Wher a soole is compassed with Impietie,  
Whiche is the contempt of God and his ordinances,  
And such a soole created to authozitie,  
The people must needes sustaine many greuances.  
For there God can not be duly honored,  
His holy Sacraments had in estimation,  
Neither the publike weale rightly gouerned,  
But all commeth to utter dissipation,  
If we should say all that might be said,  
Of sooles in their extreme folly,  
How Goddes people by them haue decaied,  
Two daies would not serue I thinke truly. Go out.

Here entreth

People. Intollerabilius nil est quam dives avarus,

Quam stultus locuples, quam Fortunatus iniquus.

There is nothing more intollerable,

Then a ritch man that is couetouse,

A soole wealthy, a wicked man fortunable,

A Judge

A nevv Commedie , called

A Judge perciall, an old man lecherous,  
Good Lord how are we now molested,  
The devill hath sent one into our countre,  
A monstre whom God and man hath detested,  
A sole that came vp from a lowe degre,  
My name is people, for I represent  
All the people where Moros doth dwell,  
Such a person as is with nothing content,  
So that we thinke him to be a devill of hell,  
Peyther learning, wiſdom nor reason  
Will serue where he taketh opinion,  
His wordes and actes be al out of season,  
By honest men he setteth not an Dynion,  
And as he is such is his familie,  
Not one honest person, among them I do knowe,  
Ruffians, vilaynes, swerers, full of blasphemie,  
Despylers of all honest men, both hye and lowe,  
A whole Alphabete of his officers  
I can recyte though it be not in ordre,  
A rable of Roysterly ruffelers,  
Whiche trouble al honest men in our bordres,  
As for Impietie, Crueltie, and Ignorance,  
Are cheif of his counsell verily,  
Idenes, wrath, and lecherous dalliance,  
Are they which in youth kept him company,  
Suz Anthony Arrogant Auditour,  
Bartilme brybor, Bayly,  
Clement Catchpole, Cosserer,  
Division double faced dauie,  
Comund eniuouse cheife of the Calvery,  
Fabian falsohode his head farmer,  
Gregory gorbelly the goutie,  
Gouerneth the grayne in the garner,  
Haunce Haseler the horsekeper is,  
James the iust is the cheife Judge,  
Leonard Lecherous is man of law, I wot,  
Benolme the knave is in cokery no drudge,  
Martin the murtherer maister of malice.

Nicoll





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

Nicoll never thift, the Notary,  
Diven ouerwhart, Master in Phisicke,  
Quintine the quaffer, for nothing necessary,  
Rafe Ruffian, the rude raylor,  
Steuen Sturdy Master Hurwayer,  
Thomas the thele, his cheeze taylour,  
William witesse, the great warriour,  
With these and such like many moe,  
We in his circuit be oppressed,  
For remedie we wot not whether to goe,  
To haue our calamitie redressed,  
Unto God only wee referre our cause,  
Humbly we commit all to his iudgment,  
We haue offended him and his holy lawes,  
Therefore are we worthy of this punishment. Go up,

Moros.  
Entre fusiouly with  
a gray beard.

Where is he, blod, sides, hart and woundes,  
A man I am now, every inch of me,  
I shall teach the knauie, to kepe his boundes,

What his pratling will profit I will see,  
With me to come I would not suffer one,  
Yet seruaunts I haue and that plentie,  
I my selfe, I trow am god inough alone,  
Pea, by the Passe if there were twentie,  
Take no more a do but send thy heade,

Fight alone:  
I will make she that thou shalt eat no more bread,  
Rayle no more at Master Moros than,  
What there, eyther I haue him slaine,

Entre with  
a terrible  
visage.

Or elles from my sight he is fledde,  
He is never like to trouble me againe,  
I warrent him I haue brought him in bedde.

Gods Judgmet. The longer thou liuest, the more foole thou art,  
This to the hath been often recited,  
For so much as thou hast playd, such a fooles part,  
As a foole thou shalt be iustly requited,  
I represent Gods seuerre iudgement,  
Whiche dallieth not where to strike he doth purpose,  
Whether am I sent to the punishment,

A newv Commedie , called

Of this impious sole here called Moros,  
Who hath sayd there is no God in his hart,  
His holy lawes, he had stoutly blasphemed,  
Godly Discipline could never his mind conuert,  
Vertue nor honestie are not of him esteemed.

Morus.

A Pestilence take them hoeslun knaues,  
They are euer absent when I haue neede,  
Hoeslunes bring your clubbes, billes, boves, & staves,  
I see that it is time now to take hedes.

Gods Judgmet

According vnto his most wicked beleue,  
So with his neighbours wickedly he dealeth,  
From the pore he doth take and nothing doth geue,  
He oppresleth, byzbeth, destraudeth, and stealeth,  
If he beleued God, god woxes to rewarde,  
And Deuilles wickednes to punish in fire,  
His promises and threatens he would more regard,  
Do penance and for mercy desire,  
But such soles in their harts do say,  
That there is no God, neyther Heauen, nor Hell,  
According to their saying they follow that way,  
Like as a litle before I did tell,  
For as much as vengeance to God doth belong,  
And hee will the same recomponce,  
That he is a God of power, mightie and strong,  
The soles shall know by experiance,  
With this sword of vengeance I strike the,  
Thy wicked Holweshold shalbe dispersed,  
Thy children shalbe rooted out to the fourth degre,  
Like as the mouth of God hath rehersed.

Strike  
Morus, and  
let him fall  
downe.

Morus.

Gods Judgmet

Cyther I haue the falling sickenes,  
Or elles with the Palsey I am striken:  
I seele in my selfe no manner of quickenes,  
I beginne now straungly to sicken.  
If thou hast grace for mercy now call,  
Yet thy soule perchaunce thou maist save:  
For his mercy is aboue his workes all,  
On penitent sinners he is wont mercy to haue.

Morus.

It was but a qualme came ouer my hart,

Glucke





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art.

I lacke nothing but a cuppe of good Wine.

Gods Judgmet. Indurate Wretches can not conuert,

Entre Lon. But die in their filthines like swine.

fusion with Behold here cometh shame and Confusion,

an ill fauoured visure, The reward of such wicked foolz all:

all thinges To all the wozld shall appare thy abusion,

beside ill Thy wickednes, and false beleue to great and small.

fauoured. Here is an ill fauoured knauc by the Passe,

Moros. Get the hence theſe with a wanion.

Gods Judgmet. This is the reward of ſuch a ſolilh Aſſe,

For euermore he ſhalbe thy companion.

Confusion. The wiſe ſhall haue honour in poſſeſſion,

Thus the wiſe King Salomon doth ſay;

But the poſition of ſoiles is Conuſion,

Whiſch abideth with them for euer and aye.

Gods Judgmet. Conuſion ſpoyle him of hiſ aray,

Gene him hiſ ſoiles coate for hiſ due:

Hiſ chayne and hiſ ſtaffe take thou away,

In ſorow and care for euer let him rue.

Moros. Am I a ſleepe, in a dreme, or in a traunce,

Cuer me thinke that I ſhould be waking:

Wodly of God this is a wonderfull chaunce,

I can not ſtand on my ſtefe for quaking.

Confusion. As the eaſes of an Aſſe appeared in Midas,

Though it were long er it were knowne,

So at length euermore it cometh to paſſe,

That the folly of ſoiles is openlie blowne,

And then in thiſ world they haue conuſion,

That is reprofe, deriſion, and open shame,

And when they haue ended all their abusion,

They leaue, behind them an abominable name,

Come ſolilh Moros, come go with me,

And I ſhall bring thee to a shamefull ende,

Thy malice will not let the, thy ſoly to ſee,

So that thou haſt not the grace, thy life to amend.

Moros. Sancti, Amen, where is my godly geare,

I ſee well that I was a ſleepe indeede,

What am I faine a ſoiles coate to weare,

A nevv Commedie , called

W<sup>e</sup>e must learne at Ch<sup>r</sup>ist crosse me spedē,  
Other I was a Gentleman and had seruauntes,  
Or els I dreamed that I was a Gentleman.

Confusion. But thou art now a pesant of al pesantes,  
A derision and mocke to Man and W<sup>o</sup>man,  
Cum soorth of thy folly to receiue thy hyre,  
Confusion, pouertye, sickenes, and punishment,  
And after this life eternall fyre,  
Due soz soles that be impenitent.

Moros. Go with thee ill fauoured knauē,  
I had leuer thou wert hanged by the necke,  
If it please the Devill me to haue,  
Let him carry me away on his backe.

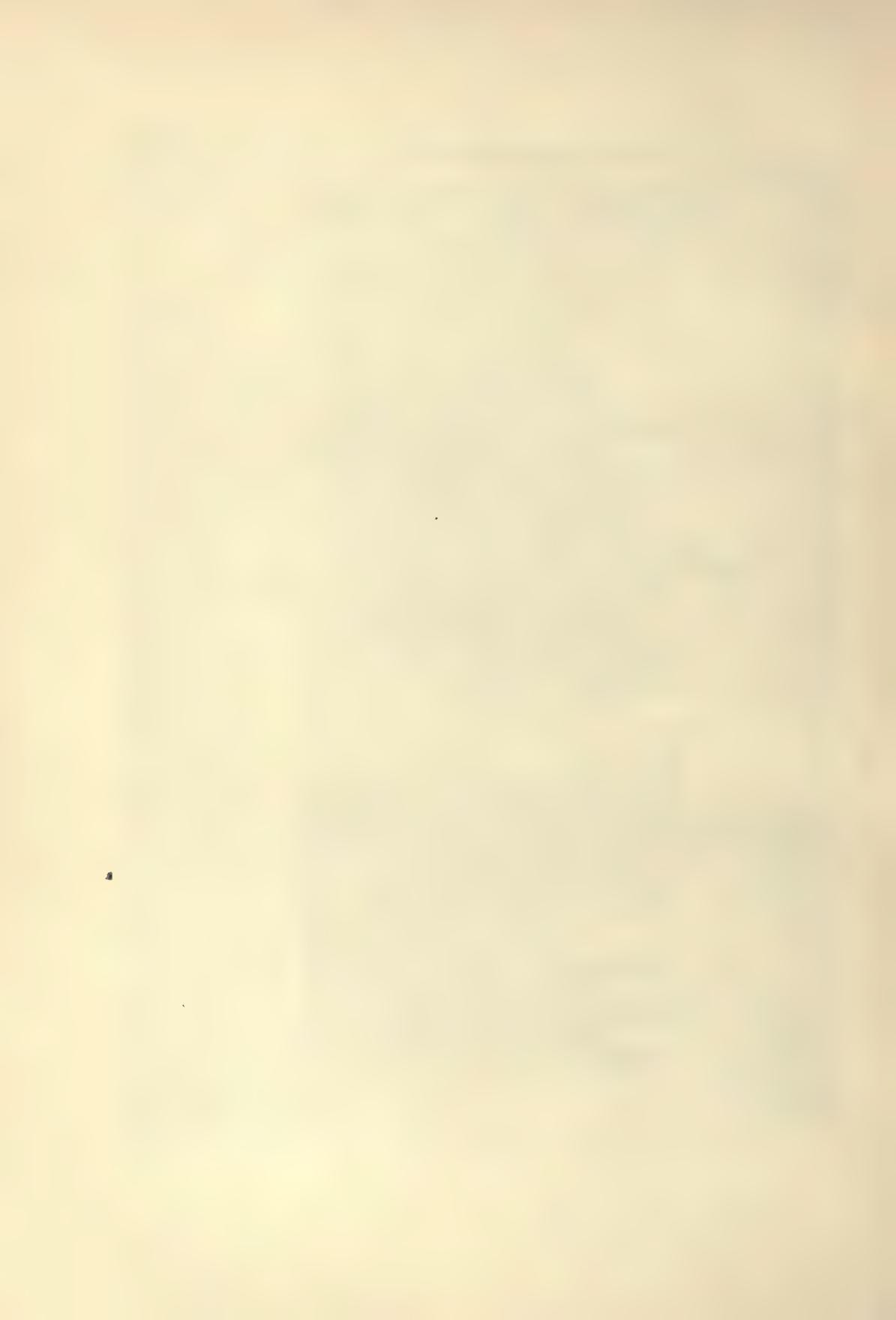
Confusion. I will carry thē to the Devill in dēde,  
The world shalbe well ridde of a sole.

Moros. A dew to the Devill God send vs god spedē,  
An other while with the Devill I must go to schole.

Gods Judgmet. For sunne though God suffreth Impietie,  
Greatly to the dishonour of his name,  
Yet at length he throweth downe Iniquitie,  
And putteth the Authours therof to shame,  
So confounded he tyzantes in times past,  
Whom holy Scripture soles doth call,  
For as beastes here their times they did wast,  
And from our wickednes to an other did fall,  
What shall we neede their names to recite,  
Seing that every man hath of them heard,  
In our times we haue knowne soles full of spite,  
And in this world haue seene their reward,  
We do not only them soles call here,  
Which haue not the perfight vse of reason,  
Innocents wherof be many farre and nere,  
In whom discretion is geason,  
But those are the greatest soles properly,  
Which disdaine to learne sapience,  
To speake, to do, to wozke, all thinges oderly,  
And as God hath giuen intelligence,  
But contrarie to nature and Gods will,

They





The longer thou liuest the more foole thou art,

They stoppe their eyes through wilfull Ignorance,  
They leke to sea, to prison, to pole, to pill,  
Only for their owne furtherance,  
Of all scōles indeēde this is the wōrst kinde,  
Wherof this time we haue treated,  
Which to all mischiefe geueth his minde,  
And refuseth to be instructed,  
Many thinges moe of scōles we could talke,  
But we haue detained long our audience,  
An other way I am compelled to walke,

Entre all. iii. Desiring you a while to haue patience. Go on.  
Exercitation.

Although this scōle of whom we haue spoken,  
Hath refuseth all honest exercise,  
Yet the harts of wisemen God doth open,  
Wertuouse occupation not to despise,  
For vndoubtedly it is as hard as they say,  
To get the scepter out of the hand of Hercules,  
As for one to be well occupied night or day,  
That is nuseled in vnhappy Idlenes,  
For as Theophilactus doth write,  
Idlenes hath taught all iniquitie,  
And as Ezechiel also doth recite,  
Idlenes taught the Sodomites impietie,  
Neuer will I beleue that man good to be,  
Whether he be of the Clergie or Lay,  
Whom Idle and not well occupied I see,  
Which do nothing but eate, drinke, and play.

Pietie. We desire no man here to be offended,  
In that we vse this terme Pietie,  
Which is despised and vily pended,  
Of sinners and Authours of Iniquitie,  
For the Heathen Philosophers and Dratours,  
Vsed the same terme and in the same sence,  
Learned Christians true worshippers,  
Created of Pietie with his science,  
Plato, Aristotle, Valerius, and Tully,  
Whrote of Pietie and diverse other,  
And called it an honour due to God only,

A. iii.

And

A nevv Commedie, called

And a naturall dutie to Father and Mother,  
Saint Augustine in his booke of Gods citie,  
And in other Noble wozks that he did make,  
Treateth holily of this terme Pietie,  
And as he doth take it, so do we it take,  
Ipsa est illa sapientia quae Pietas vocatur,  
Quia colitur Pater luminans:  
A quo est omne datum optimum.  
That is the hiest sapience notified,  
Whiche is called Pietie in deede,  
Wherby the Father of light is worshipped,  
From whom every god gift doth procede.

Discipline.

Touching my person called Discipline,  
In the processe, I haue said sufficient,  
Yet to ende with some honeste doctrine,  
You shall here a learned mans iudgement,  
There be many Disciplines as Authours do say,  
Among all, there be two principall,  
That be Scire & Sapere alway,  
To haue cunning and wisdom withall.

Exercitation.

Vt fluviosus habens gladium, sic doctus iniquus.  
Without faile this is a notable verse,  
I would all men could it well by roate,  
The sentence therof Salomon doth reherse,  
I wilhe all the audience it to noate,  
A wicked man hating learning and cunning,  
And doth many sciences understand,  
Is like one whose wittes are running,  
I meane a madde man haining a sword in his hand.

Pietie.

For a madde man hauing in his hand edge tolle,  
Heketh both him selfe and other to kill,  
So a cunning man without wisdom is but a sole,  
For both him selfe and many other he doth spill,  
Wherfore who so euer hath intelligence,  
Let him humble desire of God euenmore,  
That he will also geue him sapience,  
To bestowe his cunning to his honour.

This





The longer thou liuell the more foole thou art.

- Discipline. This is the sum of the hole intent,  
To induce youth to these two aforesaide;  
Scire & Sapere you know what is ment,  
Then many thinges amisse shalbe well staide.
- Exercitation. To learne many thinges, and many thinges to know,  
Then to haue wil dom the same to direct,  
These be two Disciplines meete for hye and lowe,  
Whiche to all vertues do the minde erect.
- Petic. For this time wee haue sayd sufficient,  
With Scire and Sapere we make an ende,  
Beseeching our Lord God omnipotent,  
That among vs his grace he may sende.
- Discipline. And here we make an ende trusting that all you present  
Will beare vs recorde that no estate we defame;  
To prayse the god order, now set is our intent,  
And to further the glory of Gods holy name.
- Exercitation. God sauе the Queenes Highes, and the Nobilitie,  
Defend her long we beseeche thee Lorde:  
Whiche is the Patronesse of all humilitie,  
A letter soorth of truth, and louer of concord.
- Petic. God preserue the Queenes most honorable Councell,  
With all the Magistrates of this Region,  
That they may agree to maintaine Gods Gospell,  
Whiche is the most true and sincere Religion,  
To rote out Antechrist I pray God they may take payne  
Then will the Lorde send them honour and fame,  
And after this life, geue them the reward of the same.
- Discipline. Pray wee for the Clergie and hole Spiritualltie,  
That they may teach and set forth Gods truth alway,  
I beseeche you, let vs pray for the hole communaltie,  
That vpon vs all, God mercy take may,  
So that eche one of vs, in the right way may staye,  
All glory, honour, imperie, maiestie, and dignitie,  
Be geuen bath now & evermore to the blessed Trinitie.

*FINIS.*





















**RETURN TO: CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT  
198 Main Stacks**

<b>LOAN PERIOD</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b>
Home Use			
	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>

**ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS.**

Renewals and Recharges may be made 4 days prior to the due date.  
Books may be renewed by calling 642-3405.

**DUE AS STAMPED BELOW.**

FEB - 4 2003

FORM NO. DD6  
50M 6-00

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY  
Berkeley, California 94720-6000

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



CO55267755

216522

930  
W131  
~~1598~~  
~~1910~~

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

CASE 5

